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THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Through Love to Light.

THROUGH love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee
Who art the Love of love, the Eternal Light of light.

—*R. W. Gilder.*

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Bismarck once borrowed an autograph album in which he was greatly interested, and wrote a few lines on a page which contained two other autographs. One was: "My long life has taught me that one must pardon many things and forget nothing." (Signed) "Guizot." The other was: "A little forgetfulness will not hurt the sincerity of the pardon." (Signed) "Thiers." Below these Bismarck had written: "My life has taught me that I have much to forget and much to be forgiven for."

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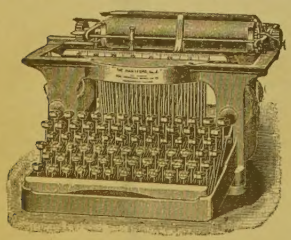

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THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, September 4, 1902

Is the Missionary Life a Wasted Life?

The Tacoma Ledger is one of the daily papers which are indulging in many foolish utterances on the subject of foreign missions. In a recent issue—only last week—it said concerning a young woman of culture, who had left her home to engage in teaching in India that she had elected to waste her life. It was asserted also that Miss Stone had not done any good in Turkey, and that she ought to have been at home caring for her mother; or, if she must do missionary work, that there was no lack of good material in her native land to work upon. If the Christian homes in Tacoma are not well supplied with religious journals and missionary literature, there is every reason for the belief that interest in foreign missions will be lessened. The daily papers indulging in such utterances gradually poison the minds of many of their readers. There is no other power today equal to the press in shaping the thoughts and actions of the people. Its influence is greater than that of the pulpit. It is only when the pulpit is supplemented by the religious papers that it is able to counteract the streams of pernicious influences flowing into the homes from the many daily and weekly and monthly publications, whose management is either hostile to many of the teachings and undertakings of the church, or so unfamiliar with them and their fruitions as to greatly misrepresent them, although without any intent so to do.

Without reference now to the young woman whose life the Ledger says is to be wasted in India, or to Miss Stone, their work not being capable of estimate yet, let us see whether the missionary life in general has been a wasted life.

Centuries ago, in the Forum at Rome, some fair-faced captives were being sold into slavery. While the sale was going on a noble-born and kind-hearted Roman citizen passed by. He had been a man of high rank and of great wealth; but, touched by the power of Christ, he had surrendered that rank; and, devoting his wealth to the church, had assumed the garb of a deacon and went about in the practice of the higher Christian life. As he looked on the bright faces of the boys and in answer to his inquiry was told that they were Angles, with a thoughtful play upon the word, he said: "Well named! they have angel's faces and it were meet they should be fellow-heirs with angels in heaven." On that day in the Forum was awakened in Gregorious that interest in the Britons which led him later when at the head of the great Roman Church to send Augustine to lay on their island the foundations of the Christian religion. Augustine, or Austin of England, as he is generally known, soon went the way of all flesh; King Ethelbert, who had received him with favor, passed away also; and the country, but little influenced as yet by Christian teaching, lapsed, almost, into paganism. But under other missionaries, who came as successors there was again visible fruitage and such achievement as made Britain ere long a Christian land. The words of the thane whom King Edwin consulted show the darkness in which that people were living, and the longing also for light. "I will tell you, O king," said the thane, "what methinks man's life is like. Sometimes, when your hall is lit up for supper on a wild winter's evening, and warmed by a fire in the midst, out of the rain and snow a sparrow flies in by one door, takes shelter for a moment in the warmth, and then flies out again by another door and is lost in the stormy darkness. No one in the hall sees the bird before it enters, nor after it has gone forth; it is seen only while it hovers near the fire. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight, but what has gone before it; what will come after it we know not. If the new teaching tells us aught certainly of these let us follow it." When the venerable Bishop arose then at request and had proclaimed to the king and his people the gospel of Christ they were impressed with it as truth, destroyed their useless altars and idols, and after due preparation as catechumens were baptized and received into the church. In the crypt of the cathedral of York the spring of water, from which these converts to Christianity were baptized on Easter eve in 627, flows yet today. And that stream of living water first opened up in the house of David for sin and for uncleanness, opened up in Britain in those early centuries by the missionaries of the cross, flows also yet today in that and in yet other lands in ever widening courses of beneficence.

A few weeks ago, at the time of the coronation services, all over the capitol city of the great British Empire, on buildings and arches, were to be read those

words of England's beloved queen, in reply to the inquiry of the chief in the wilds of Africa, "The Bible is the secret of England's greatness."

Were the lives of Augustine and Lactantius and Paulinus and other early missionaries to the British Isles wasted lives? In the words of Victoria to the African chief is found the answer of well-informed, unprejudiced people, the world over.

By a comparison now let the worth or the worthlessness of the missionary life in another way appear. Long ago in India a young mother's first-born boy was carried about dead upon her bosom. She did not know the law of death and sought for medicine to cure the child. Finally, one said to her: "My girl, I cannot myself give medicine for it, but I know of a doctor who can attend to it. Buddha can give medicine; go to him." And when she had gone to Buddha the sage sent her on a search for some mustard seed from a house in which no son, husband, parent or slave had ever died. When in her search she had learned that "the living are few, the dead many," she returned empty-handed to the sage, who said to her: "The law of death is that among all living creatures there is no permanence." And this was all that he said. Contrast with this the experience and words of the patriarch David, when his darling boy lay still in death: "He shall not return to me, but I shall go to him"; and those words of Christ, heard today by open graves wherever the missionaries of the cross have carried the good tidings: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live"; and those other words: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." From out such words as these, first carried to England's shores by Christian missionaries, sprang that comforting poem by Tennyson, over which all the world delights to linger—

"For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Some years ago there went out from England to the wilds of Africa one who had largely the spirit of him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. It was David Livingstone, whose body, although he was only a missionary, rests today among the most renowned of England's dead in Westminster Abbey. Sixteen years after Livingstone entered on his great work for Africa, he visited his native land. And then the most eminent men and women of Great Britain paid him homage. Everywhere he was exalted as one who had done for the empire and for mankind incalculable service. He might have remained thereafter at home, leading there a life of high usefulness; but Africa needed him, and soon he went back to finish in the great Dark Continent the work to which God had called him. Fourteen years later, when no word had come from him for a long time, and the world was anxiously asking, Is he dead? Stanley, after almost incredible hardships, found him, weary and wasted, in one of the most inaccessible regions of that unknown country. Comforting indeed to him must have been the companionship of Stanley in those African wilds, tempting the appeal which was made to him to relinquish his work and return to the comforts and honors awaiting him in the homeland which he had so signally honored by his labors and discoveries. But he did not believe that he had done enough yet for Africa, and so he takes his last look at the face of a white man, as Stanley begins to work his way out of those far solitudes, and resolutely turns again to the work to which he had consecrated himself. When three years later his native helpers found him dead by his cot, from which he had arisen one night to kneel in prayer, they buried his heart in the soil of the land to which he had consecrated himself, and for nine long months, in peril from wild beasts and wild men and deadly disease, toiled on to reach the sea with his body so that it might be laid away at last in that land from which he had come to them. If David Livingstone had done nothing more than to inspire by his life and teachings those faithful servants, picked up in the African wilderness, to this manifestation of gratitude, tenderness and heroism, his life would not have been a wasted life. As Dr. A. T. Pierson has said: "No triumphal procession of earth's mightiest conqueror ever equalled for sublimity that lonely journey through Africa's forests.* * * Let those who doubt and deride Christian missions to the degraded children of Africa, let such tell us whether it is not worth while at any cost to seek out and save men with whom such Christian heroism is possible." But Livingstone did more than to inspire to that tender gratitude and heroism; he opened up Africa to Christianity, to commerce, to civilization. Like him who was lifted up on Calvary he drew to him in his death those followers who pressed in and on to build where he had opened the way and laid the foundations, and never has there been a turning back as to Christianity and civilization in Africa.

Cyrus Hamlin gave the best years of his life to Turkey, and in Robert College and in other ways, that life goes on yet today in influences everywhere recognized as pre-eminently beneficial to the people of that land and to mankind throughout the world. Carey and Martyn and others toiled in India, and now the screaming, struggling widow is no longer bound to the dead body of her husband and burned on the funeral pyre; children are not now thrown publicly into the Ganges as sacrifices to the god of the river, nor does the car of Juggernaut roll now over India, crushing annually thousands of victims beneath its wheels; the swinging festival attracts its crowds no more to gaze on writhing wretches, with iron hooks thrust into the muscles of their backs, swinging in the air in honor of the gods; nor are young men and young women decked now with flowers and slain in Hindoo temples and their quivering flesh held up before the hideous idols for their propitiation. Though denounced as fanatics and as fools Christian missionaries prized not their lives too highly and worked on against these and other abominations until they were suppressed.

And how is it today in India? What did that eminent scholar who has studied the religions of the world more thoroughly perhaps than any other man living in our land in the nineteenth century—what did the late Dr. John Henry Barrows say on his return from Asia? He said: "I have come home from Asia with a new sense of the value to everything in our civilization of that Christianity which has made civilization in England and Germany and in America; Christianity: a religion which shows us God seeking after men, and not men groping blindly through mists of error after God." And it was Max Muller, the ablest and most noted student of religions the world has ever known, who said: "However highly we prize our Christianity we never prize it highly enough until we have compared it with the religions of the rest of the world."

No other religion has ever uplifted mankind as the Christian religion has; and at their best the others are

to the human heart unsatisfying. Gradually, the world over, as Christ has been presented, have men and women of every race seen in him one altogether lovely, the matchless character, and have found him precious and satisfying above all others. Said a Madiga in far-off Southern India, a few years ago, one who had sat long at the feet of the Hindu gurus, who had attained to the best that that land of darkness and superstition could afford, "They told me that there is one God and that he is a Spirit, that he has created all things, and pervades all things. It was well that they told me this, and I believed it. But nothing satisfied my soul till I heard of Jesus Christ." Such testimonies could be multiplied until they would fill thousands and thousands of pages. There never has been a wasted missionary life, and there never will be.

Said Secretary Barton of the American Board, writing a few weeks ago concerning the visit of the deputation to India: "We were petitioned by the Hindus for more mission schools, more Christian hospitals and doctors, and one caste sent a delegation urging that we appoint a missionary to work in their caste exclusively, because they felt they were neglected. The people themselves appealed to us for more Christian institutions and more missionaries, and the appeal was at times heart-moving in its earnestness and fervor. One man came more than six hundred miles to meet the deputation and plead that a missionary be sent to his city. There is no other non-Christian country in the world in which so vast a population is so accessible to Christian instruction with external barriers removed. The government is in sympathy with the work of the Christian missionary, and is ready to co-operate in medical, industrial and educational operations. In many of the native States the rajahs give the missionary warm welcome and substantial aid in prosecuting his work. In one native State near Bombay the rajah recently offered to put into the hands of a missionary the entire educational system of his kingdom."

The Tacoma Ledger to the contrary notwithstanding, the young woman to whom it refers will not waste her life in India. She enters ranks that have promise today of making the twentieth century more glorious in missionary achievements than ever the nineteenth has been. All the experiences of the centuries indicate that the Bible is sometime to be the secret of India's greatness, of China's greatness—as well as of England's greatness—and of the greatness of every country that shall ever in the future have any greatness.

The fiscal year of the American Board for the Pacific Coast District closed on Monday of this week. It is impossible at this date to give exact figures for the district, but the agent informs us that it can safely be stated that the receipts of the year considerably exceed those of the preceding year, which up to that time were the largest in the history of the Coast.

Rev. E. L. Smith, pastor of Pilgrim church, Seattle, was notified recently by the Board of Trustees of Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon, that he would be elected President of the institution if he desired the position. Mr. Smith preferred to remain in the pastorate, and Pacific University is still without a President.

The San Francisco Association will meet with the Sunset church on Monday, September 15, at 2:30 p. m.

From a Rambler's Note Book.

W. N. BURR.

The Third Congregational church of San Francisco is emphatically "high church." Its building is one of the old-fashioned, two-story structures, with the auditorium lifted up as near to the heavens as possible. "Upstairs, please," said a gentlemanly helper, as we stepped into the vestibule, and probably looked about with the hesitating glance of the stranger within the gates, wondering which way to turn.

Once up in the auditorium the impression remained that the builders of this church were men of aspiration. I have never quite fancied the term "choir loft"; it has somehow been too suggestive of that old playtime place of our early boyhood, where the hay was stored in the great red barn; but sometimes one finds a church in which "the singers' seats" have been lifted to such lofty heights that the term seems not at all inappropriate. If a stranger at the Third Church is impressed with an unusual elevation of the gallery set apart for the choir, it may be not because it is too high, but because he has felt himself forced to look up toward unusual heights from the moment his eye first caught sight of the building on the outside. It is one continual climb to attend service at the Third Church. But better so than to look down into a pit to find the organist, as was the case in one church which we attended somewhere not many weeks ago.

It seems strange that a congregation rallying its forces in a building so suggestive of height should have been content with any other than a very tall man for a pastor. But Pastor Rader is not a tall man. Very likely some Board of Equalization was sitting somewhere in the vicinity when this rather short man was called to be pastor of a church with an "Ossa-piled-on-Pelion" building.

But what matters the plan of the building or the stature of the pastor, if only the gospel of God's grace and truth be preached in the building by a man of spiritual thought and experience? I have used a bit of my own time and that of my readers, writing too many words about unimportant details, while weightier matters have been neglected. Possibly, my mistake may serve a good purpose, however, as an illustration of a deal of the same sort of thing that has been indulged in by religious people in the days behind us, and has not yet been wholly set aside. Blessed shall that generation be whose men and women shall be clear-visioned enough to look through details to the underlying principles, through the shimmering mists of the dogmatic in toward the clear white light of truth.

Pastor Rader's sermon last Sunday morning was drawn from the story of the blind Samson. His text (Judges xvi: 26): "Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them."

"Samson is the Hercules and the humorist of the Old Testament; a man of abnormal strength, and a kind of public fool. The story of his capture by the Philistines is familiar. Having put out his eyes they one day, in the midst of their merry-making, brought him out of the prison-house to make sport for them. And they set him between the pillars. And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, 'Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them.'

"By the laws of accommodation I want to take this passage as suggestive of thoughts I would present to you at this time.

"The kind of religion that a great many among us seem to be demanding in this day is the kind we can lean upon. We do not want a religion just to talk about, or to suggest subjects for the pictures we would paint, but we are reaching out for strong supports to lean upon. It is not so much the abstract as the concrete which the heart of man craves. The world cannot well do without the abstract; blessed are the people who have it. But the concrete—that which we can see and feel in the realm of spiritual truth, that which we can sense as something sure, is what we want to lean upon in the years of our vigor, and when the time comes to pass over to the life beyond. Blind Helen Kellar went one day into a Museum in Boston and placed her hands on the masterpieces in stone there, and as her fingers went over the faces and forms of those rare pieces of Greek statuary, she was satisfied. So men and women in their blindness today want to touch God, though it be no more than the hem of his garment—to feel the concrete in their faith.

"We are becoming more and more sure that there are foundations. It is very satisfying at all times to feel that there is a foundation under you. Brooklyn Bridge seems like a spider's web, but when one steps upon it and travels over it, he feels that it stands upon something. So one finds the Christian religion to have foundations when he gives himself up to it.

"A great quest is going on just now, perhaps as never before, for the columns, the fundamentals, of the Christian religion. We have spent much time over the non-essentials. Modes of baptism, the authorship of the Pentateuch, the poetry or the history of the accounts of the creation—these and many other things that we have much discussed are, after all, but frills. Dallying with them we have often sacrificed fellowship for dogmatic opinion. There is an inclination to give these secondary place, and feel for the fundamentals to lean upon. Men are searching after God. I had a letter from a student in the State University the other day in which he asked, "Is there a personal God?" and this was not so much the question of a doubter as of one who was feeling after God. Duty is a column to lean upon, and right is another. To find God, duty, right, justice, love, is to find the foundation pillars to lean upon. Science is trying to get at the bottom of things; and I believe that in religion we are becoming less and less satisfied with the superficial features of our faith, and are more and more bent upon getting at the great foundation facts.

"There is coming to the front, I think, a new party in religious thought. It is the Party of Discrimination. Its cry is, Away with the frills, give us facts. I hope you belong to that party. Don't go off on a side issue. You cannot go from San Francisco to Chicago on a side-track; you must keep to the main line to reach that destination. So, in your religious faith, keep to the main track. Belong to the Party of Discrimination. Give attention to the columnar truths, and pass by the side issues, many of which lure you away from that which is fundamental.

"I want you to help the helpless ones, to find the pillars to lean upon. There are so many all around us, without sight, without thought, helpless in affliction, who have lived with nothing to cling to, and in time of unusual need grope helplessly in their blindness. There are aged people who need to have their hands placed upon the pillars. One of the saddest sights in this world is to see an aged person who has grown old without faith. There are the doubters, like Thomas, who want to reach out their hands and touch the Lord; and the weary ones, like John, who need to find his breast to lean upon. Both Thomas and John found the Pillar to lean upon—help the doubters and the weary ones about you to find Jesus, who has never failed any man who would lean hard upon him.

"Another thought comes to mind: Samson pulled down the building upon the roof of which his enemies gathered while he should make sport for them; and there are those in this day who think the Christian faith is thus to come down. But no Samson can pull down the things that God hath made. That which will fall will be the building supported by pillars, which men have made for themselves.

"Find the pillars of God's truth and lean hard upon them. You skeptic, sad-hearted, doubting, weary—whatever it be that makes you weak, do not live any longer without faith. Lift up your hands towards the skies, and you will find the pillars—the foundation of God that standeth sure."

East Oakland, September 1, 1902.

Interesting Notes from China.

No other foreign country is attracting so much attention now as China. It is therefore with pleasure that we give to the readers of The Pacific this week some extracts which Mrs. A. P. Peck has kindly furnished, at our request, from recent letters from her sons, Messrs. Willis and Myron Peck. The former is tutor for the son of the great viceroy Yuan Shi Kai; the latter an instructor in the new university at Shansi. They write as follows:

"It has been very hot—112 in the shade, but this week there have been several showers, making it cool and comfortable. The rain was sadly needed, too. For several days the south gate has been shut at intervals, and the killing of cattle has been forbidden; these scientific (?) measures have at last brought the desired result."

"On the 4th father invited the English-speaking Chinese secretaries at the yamen to a dinner; the viceroy's son came, too; besides him there were the chief Foreign Secretary, a Capt. Wang, who will be in the railroad department when the British turn it over, an under-secretary and a physician. With the exception of the last, who was educated in Hongkong—they were educated in America—some of the students sent years ago, through the influence of Yung Wing; they spoke excellent English and seemed to have most pleasant recollections of America.

After dinner we sat in one of the side courts and talked finance and other things. Everything was strictly American, even to Puan Yuan Tais' reception, though that was an accident. He failed to send his card in advance, so no one met him until he reached the door. They were an intelligent, fine-looking set of men, and talked well. One told us some interesting things about the Boxers. He was for some time in a place where they were in force, and on one occasion was pursued as a friend of the foreigners, merely because he remarked that it was a pity to send the girls to certain death by marching them against the foreign troops. They impressed young girls—often from prominent famlies—dressed them in red clothes, and said they were possessed by the gods, who would drive the foreigners out. A great many of these girls were killed in the attack on the Foreign Settlement at Tientsin. He also said, when he asked a wounded Boxer how he reconciled his being shot with their claims of being bullet-prof, the Boxer said it was because he did not know enough yet. He saw the ceremony where they made small boys into

Boxers. The boys were drawn up in line, with a line of Boxers, armed with guns, facing them. The leader made a prayer to their deities, made some passes with his hands, and the Boxers were ordered to fire. They did so, and the shots struck the ground some distance in front of the boys; whereupon, the boys waved their swords and were declared to be real Boxers and bullet-proof.

Father is very busy, going to the University every morning at seven, leaving here at 6:30; as he has been appointed medical officer there.; the building is at a stage that requires a good deal of supervision—the daily clinics, and calls at the yamen every few days, as the viceroy has not been very well. Every one hopes that the viceroy will not be seriously ill, as he is the most important man in North China to all who are anxious to see the new order of things come in." "I have been surprised to find what great changes have taken place in the attitude of the Chinese toward foreigners; much of it may be due to fear, but it is a pleasant change for the foreigner."

The Bystander.

Colonel Ingersoll and the Bible Critic.

The Bystander has been looking through twelve big volumes containing the thoughts of Col. Robert Ingersoll. They bear the mark of controversy and debate, evidences of a master in expression, qualities of a tender heart and a courageous man. Many of the pages, read at random, might have been written by the more radical Biblical critics of today. Many of his prophecies have already been fulfilled. He was a forerunner in criticism. The mirror he holds up is not always level, but convex or concave, he makes the theologian and the preacher appear without proper proportion, hence the smile that follows.

Some of the things for which he was criticized by misguided preachers many now preach themselves. He was not a fool as some thought him to be. He certainly tested the steel of the churches' intellect. His position as to the Bible is identical with the position of modern critics. If some of the critics are right, Ingersoll was not very wrong in his conclusions.

A manuscript found among his literary remains and for the first time published, written probably in the early eighties, gives "a few reasons for doubting the inspiration of the Bible." The Bystander names some of Ingersoll's reasons given in this manuscript, in order to show how familiar they are to students of modern Biblical criticism.

"The written Hebrew was composed entirely of consonants, without any points or marks standing for vowels, so that anything like accuracy was impossible. Any one can test this for himself by writing an English sentence, leaving out the vowels. It will take far more inspiration to read than to write a book with consonants alone." This sounds very much like Washington Gladden.

"The Old Testament was printed for the first time in 1488. Until this date it existed only in manuscript, and was constantly exposed to erasures and additions." This is taught in all theological seminaries today.

He goes on to remark about the "errors" in the text, but adds that believers do not regard these as casting any suspicion on the "fundamentals."

Referring to authorship he says: "It is now generally conceded that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch." That sounds like Lyman Abbott and hundreds of other ministers.

"The Christians are not agreed among themselves as to what books are inspired. The Catholics claim as inspired the books of Maccabees, Tabit, Esdras, etc. Others doubt the inspiration of Esther, Ecclessiastes and the Song of Songs." Here he holds up a level mirror to every minister in the church.

"In the Old Testament we find several contradictory laws about the same thing, and contradictory accounts of the same occurrences. * * * So there are two histories of the creation, of the flood, and of the manner in which Saul became king."

It is unnecessary to say that this is being taught from pulpits the world over. He claims that no man knows what books really belong to and constitute the Old Testament, the authors of these books, when they were written and what they really mean. This is a nut for anybody who has a hammer to crack. He says: "Not one-third of the inhabitants of this world ever heard of the Bible, and not one-tenth ever read it. It is also safe to say that no two persons who ever read it agreed as to its meaning."

"The idea that the universe was made in six days and is but about six thousand years old, is too absurd for serious reflection. Neither will it do to say that the six days were six periods, because this does away with the Sabbath and is in direct violation of the text."

Lay readers will at once recall how their own pastor has uttered these same sentiments—sentiments in strict accord with the Biblical criticism of Col. Ingersoll.

The Bystander cannot occupy more space to show one of two things: either Ingersoll is as sound as the critics, or the critics are as far away from the truth as Ingersoll—which?

An Exodus.

The announcement that the Plymouth Avenue Congregational church, Oakland, has voted to enter the Presbyterian fold, and that Prof. Frank Foster, for some time professor in the Pacific Theological Seminary, now of New York, has decided to go into the Presbyterian church, is a matter of surprise. The action of the church in question is the result of a long controversy—outside the church itself—over moving to another part of town and uniting with the Fourth Congregational church. The action of Prof. Foster is due to his disagreement with his fellow-Congregationalists on doctrinal matters. Prof. Foster has not been able to keep up with the march of the best thought in the Congregational ranks and chafed under the liberalism, so called, of his brethren. He resisted certain tendencies in our polity, was of the older school of Congregational thought, and will find come congenial associations in the Presbyterian church.

Prof. Foster is a keen thinker, a delightful man, a sincere Christian, and we are sorry to lose him, both from the Pacific Coast and the Congregational churches.

As to Plymouth Avenue church, it ought to be said that properly speaking, the church, as such, does not leave the denomination, but that is what it amounts to. The most of the members have decided to unite with a Presbyterian church on Telegraph avenue, and the property will be sold.

Prof. W. F. Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary will read a paper at the meeting next Monday of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on the subject, "The Literary Craftsmanship of Isaiah."

For What Does Congregationalism Stand?

PROF. C. S. NASH.

This subject is understood to refer to our own beloved denomination. Our polity, one of the four distinct forms of church government, is in use by other denominations than our own, and may be discussed as covering the whole group and compared with the other three historic governments—the Papal, the Episcopal and the Presbyterial. But each denomination under the Congregational polity has its peculiar distinction, practicing the polity with differences in quality, emphasis or aim. The question, then, is, For what does the denomination called Congregationalist stand? In this form the inquiry is larger than one of mere polity; it concerns spiritual life as well. On either side the present aim will be, not so much to make denominational comparisons, as to state our own position.

1. With us Congregationalists spiritual life is the foundation of polity, not polity of spiritual life. Our fathers did not say, Go to; let us form a new sort of church order, and let that fashion our inner life as it may. They were not mere ecclesiastical politicians and revolutionists, weary of the old forms, shrewd and adventurous to initiate new government. The life of God burned and strove in their souls. The new wine burst the old wine-skins. They purged their own hearts of the current corruptions of religion, and started out to form a Christian society of that pure sort to which their homeland could not then be restored. They drank the life of God at its fountain-head, the Holy Scriptures, unbound and open; and there they caught, in the draughts of their spiritual life, the impulse, too, of their government and discipline. They became Independents, and so Congregationalists, because they would be simple, all-round Biblical Christians; just as near and true as possible, first in inward life and then in church order, to the apostles and the churches of Jerusalem, Antioch, Philippi, Corinth and Rome.

Congregationalism then stood, and stands, for reality at the core, in both personal and social life. The heart must be right with God through faith in the Redeemer; and character must display and conduct serve the inner dominion. The Visible church is to be composed of such real Christians, as the Church Invisible is perfectly. Once in our history have we lapsed dangerously from this high and secure footing. The Half-way Covenant was nigh to undoing the wise building of many years by conceding to unregenerate persons—that is to say, to unreal and merely nominal Christians, standing in church membership. Escaping that fatality, we have continued to stand for real experience of Christ in the soul, experience entered by faith in him, fed direct from Bible truth, kept and vitalized by the Spirit of God who possesses and is possessed by every believer for himself. With the exception just noted, we Congregationalists have insisted on this inner reality of faith. We never could believe that the blessednesses of the Christian way of life were offered to or could be taken by any person on any other terms. Others might confirm and baptize children into full church membership as a matter of course; not so we. Others might regard the whole population as church members; not so we. We have understood God to say in his authoritative Word that every man, by his free choices and overt acts, becomes a sinner, needs Jesus Christ as the only Savior, and must recover his lost sonship through conversion and renewal. So far as responsible for fellowmen, we have held them all to this requirement. So far as responsible for Christ's Church, we have guarded its gates against all others and flung them wide for all who had already entered the heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

2. To us Congregationalists these heavenly places have meant the utmost enlargement of life for every individual. To the newcomer into Christ Jesus we have said at once, "All things are yours—things present and things to come; submit to no hindrances; seek help from us all; you are responsible for making your highest attainment and for giving the world your largest usefulness. Of course, this freedom of the universe is programmed and earnestly attempted by all the liberty-loving branches of his Church, who said, "The truth shall make you free," but we have our own thorough way of promoting it.

In the first place, he whose faith in Christ is real at the core need pass no other tests for church membership. None of us can forget the creed tests which have been in vigorous use among us. I have forgotten how many articles I assented to myself in coming to Christ's table. But I remember the dozen robust ones I had to administer to all comers indiscriminately in my Connecticut pastorate. Doctrinal standards have certainly been applied even with great rigor, probably by the great majority of our churches from the beginning. But when assembled for platform building, our representatives have interpreted our principles more simply and truly. The Cambridge Platform has it thus: "The things which are requisite to be found in all church-members are repentance from sin and faith in Jesus Christ; and therefore these are the things whereof men are to be examined at their admission into the church. * * * The weakest measure of faith is to be accepted in those that desire to be admitted into the church. * * * Such charity and tenderness is to be used as the weakest Christian, if sincere, may not be excluded nor discouraged. Severity of examination is to be avoided." This statement was put out in 1648. In 1865 the Burial Hill Declaration of Faith copied these exact words as still the meaning of our Congregationalism in this article.

A leader, honored and beloved on both sides of the Atlantic, the late Dr. Dale, has written, "The same conception of the Church that requires that only those who believe in Christ should be admitted into a Christian church requires that none who believe in him should be refused admission. * * * A Christian society which imposes any other conditions of membership than faith in Christ is a sect, and not, in the highest sense of the term, a Christian Church. It is a private, Christian club."

And yet, it is of the very genius of our Congregationalism that its members should hold in mighty convictions the great truths of salvation through faith in Christ, and should be able to give reasons for the faith in Christ, and should be able to give reasons for the faith that is in them. Every step in fellowship, co-operation and sacrifice must be deliberate and voluntary. The knowledge of God is eternal life. All the treasures of knowledge and wisdom are coveted for every soul. The school is ever the first-born of the Church. The college must rise in the wilderness. All new information anywhere is ours. Every new thought we must begin to think at once. For all this is the true God and eternal life; and we are in him that is true, even in his Son, who is the truth. We belong in the van of all advances in knowledge, in whatsoever domain. Our duty orders us forward to possess all the results of better methods in Bible study and religious instruction. Our creeds must be our own, not our father's, nor our neghbor's, as old as Jesus Christ, as true and steady as his love, but fresh-

blown and odorous, crisp and sparkling with this morning's dews. Each man of us must know and think, must try to know and think it all, must know and understand that the rest is not true.

3. Our Congregationalism stands, then, for a distinctive union and blending of reality and culture, of intelligence and spirituality. Paul wrote us up in his letter to the Philippians, in the first chapter, at the ninth verse: "And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all discernment; so that ye may approve the things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and void of offence unto the day of Christ." We emphasize, not the general increase of love's emotion, but love's growth in knowledge, in discriminating power, in the choice of things superior. Spirituality deepens by the action of truth acquired, held in one's own hand, devoured, digested, assimilated. It has been our way to prefer full and accurate knowledge and orderly thought with whatever emotion is at home therewith, to hot emotion with whatever thought could live in its heat. Thought and emotion, tending to move in inverse ratio, we have chosen steady thought over consuming emotion. Robust moral virtues and mystical ecstacies seldom dwelling together on equal terms, we have entrusted the headship to character. We prefer obedience to reverie, faithfulnss to fervor. For those who would inherit the kingdom prepared, doing the will of the Father and ministering unto even these least have seemed a safer course than the uncertain raptures of conscious, communion and saying unto him, "Lord, Lord." Our Congregationalism does not surrender spirituality with its responsive and fervent emotion, nor even degrade it below culture; it simply holds a higher ideal of spirituality and pursues it by the longer, thriftier, surer route of learning to know the truth. It does not say to men, Beware of these unheard-of modern enenrichments of life and these new-fangled notions, lest they damage your spirituality. It rather says, All truth belongs to your Father and to his children; a little knowledge is a dangerous thing; twilight's errors and poverty call, not for midnight, but for daylight.

Our Congregationalism has excusably, but mistakenly, been called aristocratic, exclusive, neglectful of the poor and uneducated. Our Congregational humanity is still frail, and sometimes is guilty as charged. But by nature we are complete democracy. Our best things are equally free to all common men. We believe in the aristocracy of manhood. We hold all men in Christ to be "an elect race, a royal priesthood." We are engaged in restoring the blue blood of all mankind. We are prepared to seek the outermost and undermost man. We are pledged to leave no willing soul below his best. Our spiritual goal, which is for every runner, is high and far in the hills of God's knowledge and love, in "a privacy of glorious light." We count a soul mature and ripe when its life has grown used and at home in "the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory." Our idea of saints, post-graduates, fellows of these final spiritual grades, is of such as may say, humbly but unabashed, "He that is spiritual judgeth all things, and he himself is judged of no man, for we have the mind of Christ."

4. Christians with such ideas and ideals of spiritual life naturally organize in our simple Congregational way of democratic self-government. Our forms rest, not only on the consent of the governed, but on the trained participation of all. We stand for such individuals composing a social order; would you prefer to say, for a social fellowship of such individuals? We have kept our emphasis on the free individual. Our church life depends at every point upon his consecrated intelligence. He, every one of him, ought to contribute his cultivated judgment to every question, his trained vigor to every enterprise. Every member should fit himself to take his turn by election in official positions. We have no class, no privileged few, charged with thinking for the rest. All service is composed of individual faithfulness, all advancement springs from individual initiative. Thus guarding every way personal freedom, development and initiative, and carrying them to their highest power, we form our social order. Out of the sturdiest independence and the most varied individuality, stamped with the lordship of Christ and steeped in the love of Christ, we make our fellowship. The simplest organization, the least machinery for the work, is all we tolerate. The local church, made up of such individuals, is our stronghold; nor will we suffer any forms and methods to get more than two steps away from this local democracy.

In this social age, when the single man is well nigh helpless and useless, when opportunities open into vast central fields, when problems are so correlated and conditions so intricate and extensive as to compel combination upon combination, our Congregationalism is at some initial disadvantage. It is harder for us than for other denominations to formulate our fellowship. There is more to be done to get us close-phalanxed and under social headway for the larger tasks. We are now laboring at this problem and shall reach its solution. Independence must concede something to fellowship for the work's sake.

The social ideal once seen and accepted the duty of organized action once embraced, our Congregationalism discovers a principal advantage. It has been producing the finest individuals for organization. The individual is the key to the social order. President Tucker of Dartmouth College predicts that the next revival will be a revival of personality. Dr. Josiah Strong says the new methods demanded by modern problems can be reached only through a new recognition of personality and "sense of individualized responsibility." Professor Peabody describes Jesus' approach to the social question to be through renewed individuals, "the approach from within." Herein we certainly are following Jesus. Slow have we been in discovering that Jesus really reached the social field, and that therefore we must enter it, at all personal denial, with our full co-operant force. But when once we Congregationalists shall have thrown our battalions into the conflict, our leaders will be seen to command "bayonets that think."

How can our Congregationalism assure all this? Most simply. In every hand is the unsealed Bible, our sole objective authority for both doctrine and polity. Every knee is bent with prayer. In every local church and in every true member of every church lives the Holy Spirit, the immediate and sufficient source of light and voice of duty. These two, the Bible open and understood, the Spirit present and obeyed, are our inmost principles of personal living and of organized fellowship. They are enough. They assure you and me the most enriched and resourceful personality. They inculcate that love one for another, whereby all men shall know our Master. They guide us in forming such and so much organized effort as the times require. These two principles, then, are determinative and priceless; nothing else, though precious, is indispensable. "Our polity," writes one of our profound thinkers, "is a matter of principles, and therefore a thing of life; being a matter of principles and a thing of life, it is also subject of growth. The

growing life must adapt itself to, and be modified by, the environments; it must also assimilate and modify the environments. That which makes it sui generis a true church polity cannot be modified; all else may be. Indeed, when we observe how changes carry the day in all matters of human thought and practical activities, we are ready to say, All else except the fundamental and characteristic principles *will* be changed."

First Impressions of America.

Pacific Theological Seminary,
BERKELEY, Sept. 2, '0 :

Editor of the Pacific: Permit me to say a few words about my first impressions in America. It was on the 8th of August that I arrived in San Francisco, and it is now nearly four weeks since.

First of all I must confess that I was very much surprised to find so many churches in the city of San Francisco, especially in Oakland. No wonder that this comparatively young nation is making such a gigantic stride in culture and civilization. What beneficial and edifying influence must they have over the people, who set apart a day in a week for bodily rest and for spiritual nourishment!

The next thing that has attracted my attention is the number of women students. Nearly one-half of the students of this Republic are co-eds, while in Japan only one-tenth of her students are women! According to the latest statistics prepared by the Japanese educational authorities, the whole number of high school students is 105,424, while the girls that receive education of about the same grade figure only 23,180.

Another thing that I envy so much is that you have many refined Christian gentlemen, who are ever so kind to strangers. It is by these gentlemen that I have come to discover a deeper meaning of kindness, and of our Lord's parable of the Samaritan.

Lastly, I didn't expect to find so many Japanese in the city and the vicinity. Some of them are kind and good, and yet I must own that a great many of them belong to that class of people who are not respected even in Japan. It is a great mistake if your people take this sort of people as representing the Japanese people in the homeland.

This morning I found a note about me in your paper and was led to write you these things. If you find anything available in them, please use it for your paper. If not, throw it away. Respectfully yours,

C. Nakamura.

The General Association.

The forty-sixth annual meeting of the General Association of California will be held with the Congregational church of Petaluma, beginning Tuesday evening, October 7, 1902, and continuing until Friday, October 10th. The sermon on Tuesday evening will be by the Rev. Geo. C. Adams, D.D. Each Congregational church in the limits of the Association is entitled to be represented by two delegates. Churches whose membership exceeds two hundred, and is not more than five hundred, are entitled to one additional delegate for each one hundred members or major fraction thereof, in excess of two hundred.

Churches of more than five hundred members are entitled further to one delegate for each two hundred members in excess of five hundred.

Rev. S. C. Patterson, Petaluma, is chairman of the Provisional Committee. Other chairmen of committees are Rev. F. H. Maar, Sunday-school; Rev. M. B. Fisher, Christian Endeavor; Rev. H. M. Tenney, Temperance; Rev. S. R. Yarrow, Theological Seminary; Prof. C. S. Nash, College Alliance; Rev. J. K. McLean, Comity; Prof. C. S. Nash, Federation; Rev. C. R. Brown, Pacific Coast Conference. Delegates to fraternal bodies: Revs. L. D. Rathbone, E. S. Williams, J. K. McLean, R. H. Sink, L. M. Walters

Churches that are in arrears for Associational dues are requested to remit early in September.

H. E. Jewett, Registrar.

Oracle Arizona.

Thirty-eight miles north of Tucson, Arizona, and nestled at the foot of the Catalina mountains, is the village of Oracle, famous as both a summer and winter health resort Within a radius of five miles it contains a permanent population of seventy persons. The principal establishments in the village are the Arcadia and Mountain View hotels, and a general store and postoffice combined. Visitors have been here from nearly all parts days there was no such thing as public worship on the Sabbath. During 1900, however, occasional services were held at both hotels, and now Oracle possesses a neat, artistic, substantial stone structure, dedicated to the worship of Almighty God The genesis of the movement which culminated in the building of a church is some what interesting. One evening a gentleman staying at the Arcadia Hotel announced his approaching marriage.. At once the suggestion came, "Why not be married at Oracle?" The response was, "You have no church, and in a church we must be married." Naturally the query followed, "Why shouldn't Oracle have a church?" There and then the decision was made to build and three hundred dollars were subscribed at once.

Doubtless the subtle influnces of the services already held were on that little company, and nerved it to the venture of providing a house set apart for distinctively religious purposes. Thus does God work, in ways not always recognized, to bring in the kingdom of heaven. These people received no denominational help and their work, to this day, has remained unchronicled. Mrs. Dodge of the Arcadia Hotel was appointed collector and treasurer, and mainly through her efforts sufficient money was raised to warrant proceeding with the building. Mr. Rust, architect, of Tucson, prepared the plans, gratis, and in the fall of 1901 the building was completed and opened for public worship. It contains a good organ, is free of debt, and an adequate fund is in hand for a bell, which will be in place in a few weeks, ringing out its call on Sabbath morning to reverence, rest and worship. The population of seventy is partly Roman Catholic, and some of them are among the subscribers and attend the services. The church is a boon, not to permanent residents only, but to visitors from east and west and north, who find that in this mountain seclusion they have not got beyond definite religious agencies. Of course this "little flock" cannot maintain a stated ministry, but minister or no minister, services are regularly held. When no preacher happens to be in the neighborhood, prayers and a sermon are read by Mrs. Dodge and Miss Estill. The writer of this is camping in the mountains nine miles beyond Oracle, and it has been his privilege, on several Sunday mornings, to ride over and preach to a congregation which, in proportion to the population, would put to shame many a larger place. To him it has been a pleasure to conduct services for a people so zealous, and he can bear testimony to the

reverence and heartiness of their worship. All who are familiar with life in these out-of-the-way places know that too often there is no day of rest, that work proceeds on the Sabbath as on any other day; but it is said that since the opening of the church here a new spirit has come over the place and now the Sabbath is indeed a time of rest and of such communion as touches the hearts and minds of men to finer issues. These people are surely "blessed in their doing," and may the church at Oracle long remain, not only as a monument to the zeal and fidelity of a few, but as a refining influence, a center of life and light, leading men to that higher communion without which no human life is fully blest.

J. B.

Preach the Cross.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

In these days no preacher can improve on Paul. To his converts in Corinth he wrote, "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." He also declared, "first of all I delivered unto you that Christ died for our sins." The "first of all" does not refer to priority of time; for he had sounded the gospel trumpet elsewhere before he struck its keynote among the corrupt idolators of Corinth. It means that as the principal thing he preached the Cross, and salvation by the atoning blood. Whatever else came second, this came first; whatever he omitted, he never omitted the core and marrow of the gospel.

The Atonement is the cardinal doctrine of the New Testament; for the very core of Christianity is the sacrificial death of its Divine Founder. All its paths converge on Calvary. The gospel does not underrate ethics, or the duties of human brotherhood, or the spotless example of Jesus; but the atonement is the sublimest display of the divine love, and it transcends all other revealed truths in saving power. If I could deliver but one discourse to a congregation composed of all nations of the globe, this should be my text, "Christ Jesus died for our sins." This is the truth that has lain closest and warmest to the Christian heart in every age of the Church. This is the touch-stone for every pulpit. Wherever the highest spiritual power has been attained, there has been the most faithful preaching of the guilt of sin, and of salvation only through the redemptive work of Christ Jesus on the Cross of Calvary. It is the duty of every minister to thunder against injustice and intemperance, and fraud and selfishness and hypocrisy and covetousness and every form of wickedness; but the true vantage ground from which to assail them is beside the cross where Jesus died to condemn all sin, and to save the sinner.

Sometimes a theory of the atonement is presented in the pulpit from which every drop of its vital fluid has been drained away. Neither Paul nor Peter nor John would have recognized their doctrine. The one theory of the Atonement which meets the tremendous necessities of a world lying in wickedness is this plain, short, simple line, "Christ Jesus died for our sins." The three great and glorious ideas compressed into this line are—Substitution, Sacrifice, Salvation! Christ became our substitute and suffered for us. Christ became our sacrifice, and laid down his life to take away our guilt; the "Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all." Christ secures eternal life to every true believer and faithful follower.

The highest success in preaching lies just there. Paul's keynote struck amid the idolatries of Corinth and in defiance of Caesar's lictors at Rome, has been the secret of converting power everywhere. Luther preached this gospel of atoning blood to slumbering Europe, and it awoke the dead. Amid all his emphasizings and defences of the divine sovereignty, Calvin never ignored or belittled the atonement. Cowper sang of it in sweet strains among the water-lilies of the Ouse; and Bunyan made the cross the starting-point for the Celestial City. John Wesley proclaimed it to the colliers of Kindwood, and the swarthy miners of Cornwall. Moody's bells all chimed to the keynote of Calvary. Spurgeon thundered his doctrine of vicarious atonement into the ears of peer and peasant with a voice like the sound of many waters. The heart of God's Church has in all ages held to this as the heart of all Christian theology—"Christ Jesus died for our sins." This sublime central truth is no more obsolete today than yonder sun in the firmament. To every young brother who is about entering the ministry I would point the example of the mightiest of all preachers—and would say to him—follow Paul, and plant your pulpit on Calvary, and let the uplifted Christ draw all men unto him!

The Worth of a Man.

A man is worth what he is, not what he has; and that is true both of this world and of that which is to come. While he lives he may win and lose everything but one—his own personality. That is always his; ultimately it is all that is his. In that lies his worth, if he have any; not in the abundance of the things which he possesses and can lose. And when he dies he loses what he has, but he remains what he is. He who "is unjust" will be "unjust still"; he who "is holy" will be "holy still"; but he who is wealthy will be wealthy no more.

It is a painful tribute to the commercialism of our age that a rich man is said to be worth so much when he dies. If he is worth no more than what he left, he is worth nothing; and in the other world, which with all its foresight he has forgotten or ignored, he will start a bankrupt, if he start at all. Or will he not rather be too weak to start on this new, strange journey; too weak even to stand; able only to vanish like the chaff which the judgment wind of God drives to and fro—his withered soul shriveling up before the fierce heat of God's judgment fire? All the gold of all the mines will not purchase him peace or pardon, or redeem him from the fate of those who have trifled away their gifts or opportunities.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

They Shall See Him.

Passing through the narrow alley of a city the other day, we heard a woman's voice in cheering song. The words of the refrain upon which she lingered seemed strangely out of place in that environment. She sang—

"And I shall see him face to face,
And tell the story, 'Saved by grace!'"

Looking up toward the place from whence the song came, we saw a poor old servant woman, down on her hands and knees, scrubbing the second story floor of a dwelling. In a moment that sweet song took a depth and beauty of meaning and a charm unimagined before. That poor scrub-woman, in her weary toil, was a "daughter of the King," and heir of eternal glory, for a short time away from home, a pilgrim and stranger in the earth. What she sang, as she looked up into the face of the Unseen, was sober truth: "I shall see him face to face!" The drudgery shall cease. The rags shall drop off from the old body. The prisoned spirit shall be set free. The dust and smoke and din of this weary world shall vanish out of sight. New scenes shall open to the unveiled eyes, even a world which needs no light of moon or star or sun, for "the Lamb is the light thereof."

It is worth the while to tarry and toil and suffer here for a little while, to live for Jesus in a world that "lieth in the wicked one," with the faith and hope of that better time in the heart, when we shall assuredly

"See him face to face,
And tell the story, 'Saved by grace!'"

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Loving and Obeying God. (Deut. xxx: 11-20.)

Lesson XI. September 14, 1902.

This lesson should be particularly interesting and impressive to our scholars, because we are Americans. In a signal way our forefathers represented us, as the generation to whom Moses gave his closing addresses stood for their descendants, who were to occupy the Promised Land. The ground common to both was the establishment of righteousness, in home, state, nation. The one went through the desert, the other came to a wilderness. But the incentive was identical. To carry out the object of the Pilgrim fathers should be the unvarying purpose of this generation. Dropping the parallelism, we may learn what Israel faced as Moses was about to leave them.

1. They knew a great deal more about God than when they started from Egypt forty years before. The very fact of their existence as a people helped to this knowledge for they had witnessed his workings, revelation and purpose, as well as experiencing his guidance (v. 1-8). And they might have known much more of Jehovah had they not rebelled and been perverse. Who of us does not glance at school days, and regret the "might have beens." To put it just as it should be, our teachers *could not* do with us as they wished, because of our laziness, inattention, or self-will, by which we practically barred out the teacher. We pity ourselves for it now. So it was with these Israelites. They had not a heart to know, eyes to see, or ears to hear. Hence they kept God from doing great things for them, and failed to know him as they might. That is a serious fact in spiritual life, but we only learn to appreciate it after the years have gone over us. But in spite of it all, God is merciful and faithful, so we do learn more of him, notwithstanding our limitation of his action to-us-ward.

2. They were about to form covenant relations with God. Forty years before they had done the same under the shadow of smoking Sinai. Probably the majority were too young then to realize what the significance of that event was; certainly too young to understand the obligations into which they were initiated. Moses strenuously warns them of the circumstances which would influence them to abandon the obligations now to be assumed, and faithfully pictures the results sure to follow their breach of the covenant (v. 10-29). But he assures them that even in the event of so great a calamity as captivity, or even exile, Jehovah would listen to repentant Israel, and restore it (Ch. xxx: 1-10). But he returns to the thought of a present covenant of which there should be no violation, because there was no sufficient reason for it.

3. The commandment was easy to be observed.

First, it was "not too difficult." The reference is not to the ten commands of the law, but the general command of devotion to their God. This was the only way in which righteousness could be brought about. Paul makes the personal application when he says the Jews set about in their own way instead of God's, and failed in consequence to secure the righteousness of God. Let us fasten in our memories this much laid aside truth in spiritual matters, that there is a "way" of attaining, and there is no possibility of attaining except in that particular way. To reach the top of a mountain one must climb—not slide. To secure the nimble fingers of a musician you must practice till the muscles ache; not sit and look at the notes. There is but one way of securing righteousness, personal, or national, the way of "devotion to God." And it is not too difficult. It may be hard, but not too hard for the earnest seeker. What is not hard in a measure if it is worth anything? If you want an education, study hard for it. If you want wealth, work early and late for it. There is no royal road of ease to anything; it would not be royal if it were.

Second. The commandment was accessible.

Not written across the heavens that one must climb the heights to bring it to earth. No; nor even across the ocean, which was probably a frightful barrier to obtaining anything in those days when flimsy crafts sailed the seas, or clumsy galleys were rowed across the Mediterranean by slaves. Gaul was a barbarous wild to the Romans, although it was but a modern day's journey by rail, and were anything to be fetched from thence it meant peril and fatigue.

The two elements of accessibility and comprehensibility being thus present, the act of obedience was no great task. Have you never heard these objections brought forward by those who did not want to believe? About the first maze the unbeliever seeks to enter is the mystery of the gospel. He can't understand the nature of the Trinity, or the working of the atonement. These are things one would have to climb to heaven and bring down for our understanding! Equally at the tongue point is the method employed. He does not see why Christ had to come, or why he had to die, or why he had to die upon the cross! "It is so difficult to believe!" Yes; to any one who does not want help. But for the earnest soul, there is assurance. The word has already dropped from heaven, through prophet and priest and Christ. It is perfectly comprehensible when you put yourself in line with the command. The simple and undeniable fact is, the sinner does not want to do God's way, and we always find it difficult to cross our own wills.

4. The road to prosperity.

The question of temporal blessing and prosperity need not form a barrier to any one or any nation in connection with the divine purpose for us. It has been said that the Old Testament promised material good to him that obeyed the law, but the New Testament holds out no such result to the follower of the gospel. But this is not necessarily so. Paul says that godliness is profitable unto all things having promise of the life that now is as well as that which is to come. On the other hand mention is made by many of the O. T. writers of prosperity in connection with evil doers. (Ps. lxxiii: 7; lii: 7, etc). Put it down as a fact that God desires the best for every man and nation. But abolish the idea so prevalent that material prosperity is always the best, or that the man who follows God must necessarily possess it. There is a much deeper lesson which needs to be learned by every generation, namely, the right use of that prosperity which is given to us. The road to true prosperity lies along obedience to God's command. National blessing is pre-eminently connected with God's precepts for righteousness. Moses insisted upon this, and stated it in the form of a condition. "If thy heart turn away," that "if" is always the guide post. "If" you take that road, says the guide-post, you will reach the heights. "If" you walk on this path you will end in the valley. Examine our national safeguards, and equally as diligently give attention to our national perils. In every instance there stands that invariable sign-post with the inscription written in the Mosaic age, and emphasized by the fate of nation after nation. "See, I

have set before thee this day life and good, death and evil." The couplets are necessarily linked. They are cause and effect. "Life and good." "Death and evil." There was but one way God descried for Israel, and wishes the same for us. The road to prosperity is God's way. But

5. Freedom of choice is ours.

The incentive to the right choice is not only bound up with reason, but is attached to conscience. The eternal "ought to" is engraven on the fleshy tablets of the heart. Give it opportunity and it becomes a compelling force. Nevertheless, God uses no compulsion. Every one is not only free to choose, but is left absolutely to make the choice. Divine power is a tremendous ally, but man has to select it, and comply with the conditions of securing it. We sent our magnificent battleship to the place where two South American countries were having a passage at arms a few weeks ago. Either of the opposing forces would have won easily if only the great guns, the splendid training and the skilled marksmen had been allied to it. But the conditions rendered it impossible, so the naval commander remained neutral, the marines looked on indifferently, and the 20-inch guns were grimly silent. Just as truly can we shut out omnipotence by not making choice such as meets the conditions of alliance. And equally forceful is the other fact. The choice which allies evil with us, works destruction to us, for it allies us with itself and is always the strongest in the long run. The most solemn adjuration Moses could make was placed around the fact of that possible—yes, necessary—choice. "I call heaven and earth to *witness against you* this day, that I have set before thee life and death, the blessing and the curse; therefore CHOOSE LIFE." God's voice is to the nation. It is also to the individual. Let us act the part of the wise. There is but one way—choose devotion to our God; then "trust and obey."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. Ben. F. Sargent.

Delight in God's House. Psalms lxxxiv: 1–4; c: 1–5.

Topic for September 14, 1902.

"For Christ and the church" is the Endeavorer's motto. The church is more than the house where any church meets. Yet we can truly say that if one does not take delight in that part of the activities of the church, which center in the place we call God's house, he will not take delight in any part of the church. It is even a question whether such an one could take delight in God himself.

THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL

To the psalmist, every part of the tabernacle was lovely. Every chord and curtain, even the flesh hooks and snuffers, were sacred and holy. The fairest picture of the church has been drawn for us by John Bunyan, whose model was the plain, square, barnlike structures of the Baptists of his day. Yet, in his dream it was palace Beautiful.

To every true Endeavorer there will be the same delight in his church building. It need not be a large place, not a costly one, but to him it will be a lovely place. For there he meets with God and with God's people. Christ made it his custom to attend the meetings of the synagogue to worship (Luke iv: 16). Those who officiated there did not always rightly interpret the Word of God, nor receive the kingly stranger with respect. But God was always there, and of each place set apart for worship, Jesus said, "This is my Father's House."

Let each Endeavorer say, "I love the very building in which Christ is preached—

"Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye
And graven on thy hand."

SHOWING OUR DELIGHT

A very practical way of showing our delight in God's house is in decorating it with flowers for the Sunday services. Or if others have that in charge in furnishing flowers for them to arrange. One might also suggest an anti-decorating committee in some churches to rid the church yard of weeds, or of an accumulation of rubbish which mysteriously gathers while trustees sleep. Sometimes, also, the lamp shades need burnishing, or the window cleaning, or a tear in the carpet is unsightly to the eye and dangerous to the foot. Many an Endeavor Society might, by working together for that end, put new paper on the church walls, or at least beautify the room where their prayer-meetings and socials are held. There is a practical outcome of this topic for every band of young people who are enlisted for "the church."

GLAD SERVICE

Dr. Guthrie once wrote a sermon entitled, "The Sin and Folly of Being Unhappy." He used for a text this 100th Psalm. In that sermon he asks, "Is there any religion in being miserable?" And again adds, "I do not think gloom is a bit better, or more acceptable to God, than the most frivolous levity." About half-way between the "gloom" and the "frivolous levity," there is a gladness of countenance and a joy of service which every Endeavorer may well covet. But this gladness can only come from a right relationship to God. The world tries to be happy with our God, but we have learned that it is only *with* God that happiness comes.

We have acquainted ourselves with him and are at peace, and great good has thereby come to us. A glad God wants his children to be glad. But this can only be by our assuming the right relationship to him. This comes from knowing God. He wants us to know him. For that he created us, and heaven and earth as expressions of himself. For that he gave his Son to become "the express image of his person." But this relationship must extend from the heart into the life and find expression in service. We are to serve him with gladness. All Christian service is glad service. The days in which we have been the happiest have been days in which we have been able to serve some one else.

ENTERING HIS COURTS

That is a part of our pledge, so of course we keep it. But sometimes we are of a "sad countenance," which is pleasing neither to God or our fellows. We do not always feel the words as we sing:

"Beyond my highest joys
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise."

Yet should we be deprived of the ministry of God's house, our souls would long, "yea even faint, for the courts of our God." The world will accept our estimate of the worth of church services.

The unconverted read the Christians about them and thus judge of Christ. If you find joy in God's house, they will know it and take knowledge that you have been with Jesus. If Christians neglect the services of God's

house they become a bar of hindrance to the unconverted. You cannot say, "Go to church." But you can say, "Come to church today with us." Tell others about your church. Praise its fellowship, and that you may praise it rightly, be yourself a part of it with such sincerity and fervor that its greeting will warm every heart. Speak well of the singing. Show that you appreciate this important part of the service. Speak well of your minister. He is doing his best. He is *yours*. You called him, and God sent him to be your minister. You can double his efficiency by speaking well of what he is doing. He may not have the gifts of some former minister; then the more does he need you to make up the lack. Be assured that God has a thought in *him* also. Help him in the expression of that thought. You can not be loyal to your church and disloyal to its minister.

CHRIST IN HIS TEMPLE

Look forward each week to the services of the next Lord's Day. For in God's house you are to meet Christ. All the week, then, is preparation to meet him. And you will never fail to find him there if you take him with you, in your heart. And he who has been with you all the week approaches nearer and nearer as you approach the church until

"Hastening to the church's door
I see within one perfect Face;
Find him within the sacred place,
Who all the way went on before."

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by Rev. J. A. Cruzan.

Redwood.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday by Rev. E. D. Hale of Niles. On the 14th union services will be held with the Methodists; in the morning in the Congregational church; in the evening in the Methodist.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—Last Friday evening a most enthusiastic and successful Sunday-school social rally was held under the management of Mr. Morris Marcus, the Superintendent. A fine program was given by the pupils and refreshments served by the older scholars, boys and girls. This was a forerunner of the annual rally day which comes next Sunday.

Oakland, First.—Rally Day, August 17th, brought out 450 members of the Sunday-school, and a host of visitors. Several new classes are being formed, notably, the Cadet Corps Bible Class, comprising thirty or more of the members of the military corps. The Junior Endeavor Society feels sorely the loss of Miss Eva Powell as a leader, and her successor is anxiously looked for. The Young Folks' Circle, a new society for boys and girls thirteen years and over, held a delightful "C" social on Wednesday afternoon, August 29th. Forty-five were present. This society, whose main objects are Bible Study and practical Christian work, has thirty members, and new names are added weekly.

Benicia.—A remarkable Fellowship Meeting was held in our church parlors last Thursday evening, when eighty-five members and friends of the church and society sat down to a supper together, with Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Willey and Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Yarrow as the guests of honor. Speeches and music had been prepared for after dinner, but the event of the evening was the announcement of the engagement of the pastor, Rev. Burton M. Palmer, to Miss Mabell Louise McKay, the organist of the church. It was a complete surprise to all except the relatives present, but a very pleasant one to the whole church. Miss McKay is the only daughter of Mr. Thos. McKay of the McKay Tanning Company, and is very popular throughout the town in social and musical circles, and especially loved in her home church for her rare Christian character and work. Mr. Palmer is being warmly congratulated by his whole parish, and the engagement has already drawn the membership together with the purpose and expectation of improvement in the work of the church.

Southern California.

Avalon—This church has been favored with a visit from Superintendent Maile, whose ministrations, on the morning of August 17th, the large congregation greatly enjoyed. Rev. Geo. Robertson of Mentone has been again lessening the pastor's burdens by conducting a large Bible class. Brother Robertson's teaching always awakens enthusiasm, and we have come to regard it as a most important part of our summer equipment. At an interesting missionary meeting, held recently at the parsonage, under the auspices of our Woman's Auxiliary, there were addresses by Mrs. Geo. Robertson and Mrs. R. C. Thomas. The attendance was large, and the meeting closed with a pleasant social hour. A series of excellent concerts, in aid of the Public Drinking Fountain Fund, has been given in the church, under the direction of Mrs. Cleaves. A college Y. M. C. A. tent (reading room, etc.,) is a new and good attraction this summer. We have had to do some very important work of late, with a view to enforcing law and conserving the moral interests of Avalon. May its effect be permanent.

Southern California Church News Notes.

Mr. S. H. Herrick a leading member of our Riverside church supplies the home missionary field of Allesandro and Moreno some 13 miles distant, the round trip being made every two weeks. He is Secretary of our State Home Missionary Committee and is one of the largest orange growers in the state.

Rev. C. N. Queen of Ventura and Rev. H. G. Cooley of Olivet church, Los Angeles, have exchanged pulpits for several Sundays. Mr. Queen, as Chairman of the program committee of the General association is working up a fine order of that body which meets with his church on October 14--16.

Rev. E. E. P. Abbott of Chula Vista has, with Mrs. Abbott, spent a vacation time in Los Angeles and supplied the Whittier church in the absence of its pastor.

Rev. G. F. Mathes supplies for Plymouth and Central Avenue church Los Angeles for a Sunday.

Rev. F. J. Culver and Rev. S. G. Emmerson have preached for the church at Santa Barbara.

Rev. J. L. Pearson closes his four years' work with the Alpine and Dehesa churches on Sept. 1st and takes a six months rest for eye treatment.

The Congregational and Presbyterian churches of National City unite their congregations for public worship and Sunday school work under the lead of one minister chosen by a united vote of both memberships. The field will thus be made self supporting.

The Central Avenue church, Los Angeles entered their re-built edifice for worship on August 24th. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Rowell has labored with great efficiency in achieving this result and his people have loyally supported him. J. L. M.

Los Angeles, Aug. 27, '02.

Notes and Personals.

The pulpit of the First church of San Francisco was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Kincaid of Honolulu.

Rev. F. B. Perkins went last week to Grass Valley to supply the pulpit there for three Sundays, until the coming of the new pastor, Rev. F. E. Dell.

Rev. C. C. Smoot, formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Eugene, Oregon, has been called to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Woodland, and has begun work.

The meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday was one of interest and profit, Rev. R. B. Cherington of Kenwood leading in an admirable paper in a consideration of the life of Phillips Brooks.

The friends of Rev. Dr. Adams will give him greeting on his return from his vacation trip East on Monday evening, September 8th, at the First Congregational church, corner of Post and Mason streets. The friends of the doctor are many and they will be glad to take him by the hand and welcome him home again. He has been among old friends in St. Louis.

The Redlands Facts says: "The trustees of the First Congregational church have elected Miss Ethel I. Rounds of Menasha, Wisconsin, as organist and choir director. Miss Rounds is a thoroughly educated musician, having studied under the best instructors in Chicago, and afterwards with one of the best organists in Paris. It is expected that the new pipe organ will be in place and ready for use by about November 1st."

Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California.

The annual meeting will be held at the First Congregational church, Oakland, Thursday, September 18th. This will be the fifteenth anniversary, and the program is to be of especial interest. Sessions at 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Addresses will be given by Rev. C. R. Brown, Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy)—a missionary story—and by Mrs. T. C. Edwards of San Jose. Persons from a distance wishing entertainment over night, please inform the undersigned at 600 Seventeenth street, Oakland, by the 15th. *Laura T. Perkins.*

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes

Rev. S. M. Freeland preached his last discourse as acting pastor of the First church today. For five months he has given excellent service, and many who have heard him have been quickened in their religious life. His closing topic was, "The Future; What Does It Hold for Us?"

Dr. House left Providence, R. I., last Thursday. He preaches in St. Paul today. He will arrive here on Thursday of the present week and will begin his pastorate next Sunday. The church is in a healthy financial condition, and it is believed that by united effort on the part of all that the time is opportune for an advanced movement along all lines of Christian effort. The outlook, at least, all things considered, seems peculiarly hopeful at this time. The church was never more united.

Dean Ferrin, of Pacific University, Rev. Daniel Staver, of the Forest Grove church, and a number of others from that place, signalized their vacation by a successful ascent of Mt. Hood last week. Dean Ferrin led the party, he having made the ascent twice before. The trip was a most exhilarating one, and was interesting and enjoyable to a large degree, and ended without other discomfort than tanned cheeks and highly colored noses.

The vacation season is about over and thousands have had a change of some kind. No change in weather to any locality could have been any improvement on the average that we have had for August. It has been ideal in all respects; and hundreds have come here from the East to enjoy it and have taken the place so far as numbers goes of those resident here who have gone elsewhere. A change of environment, a change of occupation, a change of the daily aspects of life, is certainly a physical as well as a mental and moral benefit. One may work as hard as ever during the so-called resting-time, but a new set of muscles and faculties are brought into service, thereby relieving the strain or tension upon those which have endured the wear and tear of the strenuous life of today.

On the 14th inst. your correspondent went to Newport, Yaquina bay, to attend a meeting of the Oregon Press Association, and to read an historical paper upon the early newspapers of Oregon and those connected with them. This included the story of the mission press of the American Board, going back to its advent in the Sandwich Islands in 1819, and tracing its career through its various changes up to the present time; and in addition all the papers started up to and inclusive of 1850.

Several days were spent afterwards in interviewing a number of old timers who in early days settled in the vicinity of this bay, and find Newport or the adjacent village of Nye Creek the most convenient point to reach the Pacific Ocean. Among these were George L. Boone, a grandson of the famous Pennsylvania and afterwards Kentucky and Missouri hunter, Daniel Boone. George Boone was a Rocky Mountain trapper with Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and Sublette, prior to 1846, and that year, being at Fort Leavenworth, enlisted in Col. A. W. Doniphan's regiment and followed the old Santa Fe trail, and reached Mexico in the outset of the Mexican war. After that was over he came to Oregon in 1848, and with the exception of a few months in the gold mines, has been here ever since. The story of his life is almost as full of incident and adventure as his famous grandfather. He is a hearty, hale old man, and is just rounding his four score years.

The ocean beach at Newport is exceedingly fine. All things considered, it is one of the finest on the Oregon Coast. In scenic interest it has no equal; besides fishing of all kinds may be had near by and hunting in season. There are a goodly number of cottages here, and more are being erected yearly. Good camping facilities are afforded at slight cost, besides good hotel accommodations may be had at reasonable rates.

The third annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Indian Institute was held during the week, and was well attended. The principal reservation and non-reservation Indian schools of the coast were represented by Superintendents and teachers. The program occupied each forenoon for five days, the afternoons being spent in committee meetings and in rambling on the beach. Special addresses occupied the evening. Miss Estelle Reel, head of the Indian Bureau, Washington, D. C., was present at all sessions, and her presence added largely to the interest of the gathering. The central thought of the program was along the line of suggestions and discussion of methods by which the ultimate purpose of all work for the Indian—self-reliant and self-respecting citizenship—might be realized.

Portland, August 31, 1902.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....Mrs. A. P. Peck.
819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....Mrs S. M. Dodge.
1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. W. J. Wilcox.
576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. R. E. Cole
1367 Castro street, Oakland
Foreign Secretary.....Mrs. C. W. Farnam
Fruitvale.
Branch Secretary.....Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Superintendent Young People'sWork.....Miss Alice M. Flint
60 Santa Clara avenue, Oakland.
Recording Secretary.....Mrs. S. F. Bufford
1814 Sutter St., San Francisco.

From Pagoda Anchorage.

Dear Mrs. Farnham:--

Your letter was received on the 13th of April, and my daughter who has the women's work in charge, and school work in part, at this station, replied at once in answer to your inquiries. I trust you have received her letter and the reports she sent you, which will give you an idea of the present state of the work in which your society has been asked to engage.

I am glad that you are especially directed to work for the women and children in this field, in which I have had a especial interest for forty years, having begun to visit Diongloh City in 1862, for evangelistic purposes and sale of scriptures and other publications. I therefore add a few items to what my daughter may have written.

The first little chapel at the city of Diongloh, five miles from Pagoda Anchorage, was rented by Rev. L. B. Peet, the father of Mrs. Hubbard and Rev. P. Peet, present members of the mission. In early days the place was visited more or less by several members in turn, and the American mission rented a small chapel for a brief period, till by mutual agreement the district or county, of which Diongloh City is the center or capital, was assigned to our mission to evangelize. The work was in my charge for many years,

You will find many facts respecting this mission field in the November number of "Life and Light", by Mr. Hubbard entitled "A Share in a Pagoda". In this letter, I will attempt only to give you some illustrations of the character of the people especially the women, in whom you are to be particularly interested. The people in general are very intelligent and capable. In years past there have been five instances in which the highest literary honor in China has been conferred on a man from this district. At present men from this district emigrate to other districts in this region and are marked for their ability and enterprise. They are proud of their pedigree.

Over a thousand years ago, men of eighteen clans came over from North Central China and conquered this whole region. They slew the men in large numbers, married the women and settled here. Once a literary man at Diongloh City said to me, "We Diongloh people are very proud. We are decended from eighteen clans that came here from Central China. No person of the real stock among us here will ever sell his daughter to be a slave or servant girl. We will drown them but not sell them for servant girls. The slave girls you see here or married women with natural feet, showing that they were once of that class, all came from the region to the south of this country."

In the respect to the prevalence of female infanticide when I first went through this region, I was told that about seventy per cent, of the female infants were drowned at birth. Now the custom is forbidden and we do not hear of this infanticide being practised. Then, female suicide has been more common here than I have heard of it elsewhere. Years ago in travelling to the several out stations in the country, at almost every trip, I would hear of some case of female suicide in one village or another. A woman would quarrel with her mother-in-law or her husband, and for revenge would kill herself so that her relatives would come and trouble her husband's family and cause them to spend a large sum of money for her burial.

Once, over thirty years ago, when I was at one of our chapels a neighbor came in one evening whose wife had hung herself only a few nights before. In conversation, our native helper, on learning that she came from a certain village asked if his wife was one of the company of ten girls in that village, who united in a vow before an idol, that if they should be married to husbands who were so poor that if they died the husbands could not buy second wives, they would commit suicide. The man replied that his wife was of that company and that she was the seventh who had committed suicide. I suppose the idea of the girls in making that vow was that they would not endure a life of comparative poverty. They only thought of present ease and respectability. Apparently this frequency of suicide in the Diongloh region was partly at least the result of the literary teachings that prevailed.

The great commentator of China, Chufutsze, spent two years in banishment in this county, and taught his pantheistic philosophy while here. Two of his daughters also married in this county. Hence his philosophy prevails extensively in this section of the country.

This unbelief in a personal existence after death naturally leads to a disregard of life and tends to suicide. The prevalence of this philosophy also tends to make the people less religious than in other places. Therefore the region has proved especially difficul to evangelize, but we shall find converts of staid character and intelligence when they are truly made. The slowness of the work in the past should only make us the more earnest and believing as to our ultimate success. We should give the women and children of this section abetter kind of instruction, a Christian education, and pray that God's spirit may give the needed renovatingefficiency. After so many years the time has come when the field seems ready for special work for women by women, and I trust your aiding of our work is of the Lord and that he will give you and us great success. Until the women, the homemakers, are converted, the Gospel cannot be regarded as established in any land.

Very truly yours,
May 29. C. Hartwell.

For the second time the Bureau of Insular Affairs has been called upon to deny the groundless charges of certain rabid, unreasonable, implacable, Roman Catholic papers bent on stirring up religious strife in regard to the Public Schools in the Philippines. Nothing has more convincingly shown the virus in this discussion than the fact that this ultramontane element in the Catholic church, which we are glad to believe is growing beautifully less each year, refuses to believe the testimony of their own Catholic authorities in the Philippines. The statements, even of the government, of the priests in the Philippines seem to count for nothing with this ultra element. Everybody knows that this row so unscrupulously projected upon the public and so persistently carried on is to turn public attention from the black turpitude of the friar system, which has eaten the heart and brain out of the Filipinos. One could wish that a system which has cursed the inhabitants of these islands for three hundred years could have the mercy to allow them a little respite.

Boys and Girls.

The Shadow Boy

Shadow boy, shadow boy, black as a crow,
Why do you tag me wherever I go?
Still as a mouse you keep gliding away.
Why dont you answer me? Why don't you play?

Often I've wondered what makes you so shy;
Why you should chase me, but never pass by.
Soon as I stop, you stop following, too.
You won't come nearer, and I can't catch you.

Some times, when I am at play in the sun,
How I do wish you could talk and liked fun!
You're just the size to be chummy with me.
My! what a gay, jolly pair we could be!

Shadow boy, shadow boy, why won't you play?
Why do you tag me so shyly all day?
Oh, if you only were jolly and stout,
Wore real, squeaky shoes, and could whistle and shout!

—Arthur Burmby.

Where the Wrens Built.

Two busy little wrens were chattering noisily about the nest they were to build, —and where they were to build.

In their search for a place to build in, they went close to Mr. Norris' house. At the rear of the house is a pump. One of the tiny birds flew into the spout of the pump, then called the other in, and both declared the spout was an excellent place for a nest.

Of course, the foolish wrens did not know what a pump is for. They seemed to think that Mr. Norris' pump was expressly for them to make a nest in. So they began to carry bits of string, and such other things as wrens use for their nests. But they had scarcely more than commenced their work when some one came to the pump for water.

How astonished the tiny birds were when a stream of water poured in upon them! They were angry, too, and scolded loudly. But they could not prevent people from pumping water; and at length the small builders concluded that they would be compelled to seek another place.

They ventured into a shed near by, in which many things were stored. Hanging on the wall was an apron, which Mr. Norris sometimes wore when he worked at carpentry. The apron had a pocket, and in the pocket were some nails. The wren discovered the apron pocket; aud straightway they proceeded to build a nest in it.

After one or two days, Mr. Norris wanted some nails; and he reached up to the apron pocket for them, not knowing that a nest had been begun there. Thus he displaced some of the material. When the birds saw what mischief had been done, they were again enraged, and again scolded loudly. However, they did not waste much time scolding. They rearranged the sticks and strings, and brought still more.

Yet again Mr. Norris went to the pocket for nails; and though he would not willingly have caused the tiny builders trouble, nevertheless he unintentionally ruined their half-built nest.

Several times the persevering little creatures tried to build their nest in the apron pocket; but finally they concluded that even if they should succeed in building a nest there, the place would not be a very safe one for their eggs and for their young birds.

Then they went in search of a better place. In the shed they found an old coffee-pot; and into that they carried the material they had collected in the pocket. Ere many days had passed a snug little nest rested in the bottom of the coffee-pot. Afterward, several tiny eggs appeared in the nest, and, in due time, instead of the eggs, there was a family of young wrens in the old coffee-pot.

There they lived and grew; and there, perhaps, the parent birds will rear still more baby wrens next year.—Adelaide D. Wellman, in "The Sunbeam."

A Horse-Car Incident.

Coming down town to our offices this morning, two well-dressed people, a gentleman and lady, got into the horse-car. The gentleman paid both fares, and the conductor rang his bell twice. Some time after, in going through the car, the lady held out a nickel, and he, supposing she had not paid her fare, took it and rang his bell again. Presently the gentleman told her he had paid, and both, apparently very indignant, called the conductor—a pleasant, mild-looking young man—to them, and after apparently throwing all blame on him, demanded the return of the nickel. He told them he should have to lose it. They didn't care for that, so he handed it back. We called the conductor and handed him a nickel. He at first declined, but we insisted, and he took it. Two very excited and unhappy looking people sitting opposite witnessed the transaction, and we hope it will do them good. Coming from the horse-car to our officers, we saw in a shop doorway some very good umbrellas labelled 98 cents. So we went in and bought one. When the nice-looking little cash girl brought it to us with the change of $1, we told her she might keep the two cents. It was worth almost the price of the umbrella to see the joyous look of the little girl and the smiling faces of the clerks that stood near. —G. T. A., in "Our Dumb Animals."

A Girl of Her Word.

"You can depend upon her: she is a girl who does what she promises."

This is one of the highest compliments that can be deserved or received. A man must be a man of his word, to be trusted and to be successful. He must begin, then by being a boy of his word. He can not put on the characteristic as he dons a uniform or attaches a badge to his coat, upon occasion. Well, then, in this "woman's age," when there is such a clamor for equal chances for boys and girls, should not the girl grow up with as strong a sense of responsibility about her pledged word as a boy? The demand is for a girl of her word, who does not hold a promise lightly, nor break her engagements easily.

A girl of honor is worth as much as a boy of honor. A girl is as much bound to be honorable as a boy. Unflinching, unfaltering truth is required of both alike. The same quality of steadfast adherence to a pledge, and the same tenacity in fulfilling what is promised and expected, makes both boy and girl trustworthy. It is belittling, and unworthy, and unwomanly for a girl to be careless and culpable on these points simply because she is a girl, and thinks no one will be so impolite as to scold her for her failures.

If you will stop a moment to think how often people are put out and inconvenienced by trusting to promises which are not kept, you will no doubt be able to recall instances enough to prove the need of greater trustworthiness. Somebody else has to do the work of the delinquent, and perhaps a dozen or more are kept waiting, or fail to secure something desired, because of the failure of one person to do what was promised and depended upon. It is not right to assume a responsibility unless one means to be faithful to it, and girls should be ambitious of the distinction of being reliable, of being counted upon to do their promised part.

The trouble is, very often, that promises are too lightly made. One's word should be held sacred, and there should be a little consideration before giving it. "Too much trouble to think, always," is the excuse offered; but it does not excuse. It is never too much trouble to spare others trouble, and to do right for one's own

The only way to become such a girl is to form the habit of faithfulness in little things. These are like the filaments which are twisted into a cord. Enough of them will make a cord which cannot be broken, although a single one may seem insignificant and useles.

A girl of her word is respected by others; but she is also self-respecting, and self-respect is a treasure beyond compute. It is a costly thing; it cannot be gained in idle, haphazard ways; but it is worth all it cost.—Young People's Weekly.

Home Circle.

Not the President Alone.

'Tis not the President alone
Who stricken by that bullet fell;
The assassin's shot that laid him prone
Pierced a great nation's heart as well;
And when the baleful tidings sped
From lip to lip throughout the crowd,
Then, as they deemed their ruler dead,
'Twas Liberty that cried aloud.

Ay, Liberty! for where the foam
Of oceans twain marks out the coast,
'Tis there, in Freedom's very home,
That anarchy has maimed its host;
There 'tis that it has turned to bite
The hand that fed it; there repaid
A country's welcome with black spite;
There, Judas like, that land betrayed.

For 'tis no despot that's laid low,
But a free nation's chosen chief;
A free man, stricken by a blow
Base, dastardly, past all belief.
And Tyranny exulting hears
The tidings flashed across the sea;
While stern Repression hugs her fears,
And mouths them in a harsh decree.

Meanwhile, the cloud, though black as death,
Is lined with hopes—hopes light as life;
And Liberty that, scant of breath,
Had watched the issue of the strife,
Fills the glad air with grateful cries
To find the sun no more obscured,
And with new yearnings in her eyes
Climbs to her watch-tower—reassured.
—London Truth.

What a Word Did.

I was born in a poor man's home on the coast of Cornwall, England. When nine years of age I was sent into a ship-building yard to work for my living. My surroundings were of the sinful kind. Soon my young life drank in these influences. I drifted along to the age of seventeen. At that time I used to go out after supper with young men of my age, and spend the evenings on the streets in some kind of street pleasure. I was out on this mission one evening, when a party of us was standing by a store window, and a party of Methodists came by, going home from their prayer-meeting. When they reached us they stopped, for some reason I do not know. One of the party, an old man, came up to me, and putting his hand on my shoulder, and calling me by name said, "I don't know why, but I always pray for you." When he had said this he lifted his hand, and the prayer-meeting crowd passed down the street. I looked after them out into the darkness, saying, "I wonder why that old fellow prays for me?"

The work was done. Conviction for sin followed. A desire to be saved entered my life, and two weeks after that I found Christ. The old man is in heaven long ago. I am here, doing what I can to make the world better.

Only a word—that was all. But as a result of that word thousands will be in heaven, for the old man started forces to work that evening which will never stop—no, never!—Robert Stephens.

On Trains

The man who buys his paper, and settles down in the corner of his seat for the rest of his journey, misses some things. There are few places where people reveal more of their true nature than in a railway car. There is a freedom, a lack of restraint about travel. The traveler is among strangers; as a rule, he or she is not thinking particularly of the impression made on others. It is not like being in Mrs. B——'s drawing-room, where you will be meeting the same people the rest of your life; it is not even like walking down the streets of your native town, when you know Mrs. C—— is looking out of her sitting-room window, and commenting to Mrs. D—— on your newest costume, etc. No, one is comparatively at liberty in the railway carriage.

There the little generous impulses and the little selfish veins are revealed, especially in the attitude of a family toward each other. Much has been said of the gallantry of sons toward their mothers, but there is a sweeter sermon still in beholding a daughter's tender consideration for the mother at her side. There is something healthful about watching the girl whose face and manner reveal the fact that she enjoys "talking with mother," that she does not think her opinions "behind the times" and "out of date." The girl traveler who is gently attentive to mother's every comfort has sweetened the atmosphere of the whole car. You may rest assured she is a pearl among women, and her price is far above rubies.—The Christian Guardian.

A College Education.

President Patton of Princeton, in a recent article in the "Saturday Evening Post" thus defines the object of not only a college education, but all true training:

"A college education must be looked at apart from its bearing upon a man's success in making money, of his capacity for enjoyment, or his eligibility for refined society.

"A man is superior to his environment. The life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment. By so much as a man is educated is he realizing the possibilities of his selfhood. There is a profound and a very true philosophy in the advice that is sometimes given a man to make the most of himself. For this, apart from the pleasure that comes of it, or the place it gives one in the world, is one's duty. Nor must it be forgotten that every man is part of a great social organism, and that he owes duties to this organism. He should not be willing to be a leech and simply suck a living out of the community upon which he happens to fasten himself."

Do We Need Sorrow?

"And what men need God has provided. Oh, let us not think that we escape our sorrows, that we can run away from our griefs. Nor must we think that life is intended only for pleasure, or that we are to receive from the hand of God only good, and that sorrow, when it comes, is an intruder into life. So many think that the goodness of God is expressed only in the kind things that he does, in the mercies of his open and beneficent hand, and when grief or sorrow or reverses come to life they conclude that God is not good, or if he be good, he has been dethroned and an evil principle has taken his place. Oh, no; not so, not so. Old Job says that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. It is part of the problem of God. God means tears, God means suffering and sorrow and reverses in life, and you are wise if you recognize the beneficent purpose of these things that hurt us so much. They are essential to the development and consolidation of character. They are essential to us in our evolution, using that word, I think, properly, from the lower unto the higher. They are essential elements in the development of our character for the manifestations of the sons of God.—MacLaurin.

Origin of the Month's Names.

"January was named after the Roman god, Janne; the deity with two faces, one looking into the past and the other gazing forward to the future," writes Clifford Howard, in the "Ladies' Home Journal." "February comes from the Latin word "februno," to purify. It was customary for the Romans to observe festivals of purification during that month. March owes its name to the old god of war. Among the Saxons this month was known as Lenct, meaning spring, and this is the origin of our word "Lent." April was named from the Latin "aperio," to open, in signification of the opening of flowers. The Saxons called the month Easter, in honor of their goddess of spring, from which comes our word Easter. May was named after the Roman goddess Maia, and June was so called in honor of Juno. July was named in honor of Julius Caesar, and August gets its name from Augustus Caesar. September is from the Latin "septem," seven, this being the seventh month according to the old Roman calendar. October, November and December also retain the names by which they were known under the old calendar, when there were but ten months in the year—octo, novem and decem, meaning eight, nine and ten."

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If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

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When we consider the personal blessings that come to us as individuals, the thankful soul will find himself awe-striken, or in humble gratitude voicing his gratitude to God for mercies innumerable and undeserved. If you have had sorrow, if you have met with loss, just sit down for the nonce and compare your losses with the blessings heaven has sent you, and let repining flee as a bird to its mountain.

Lie Awake Nights?

A Simple, Pleasant Remedy.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the body and induces refreshing sleep. It supplies the needed brain and nerve food.

Pipe Organ For Sale

Sealed bids will be received until 7:30 p. m. Monday, September 1st, 1902, for the purchase of the pipe organ now in use in the First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif. Purchasers to remove organ from present location at their expense, and on or about November 1, 1902.

Address proposals to the Trustees First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif., endorsed, "Proposal for purchase of Pipe Organ."

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Why We Believe the Bible.

Why do we believe this Bible? Because it has been handed down to us by our fathers? No, no! Because the church has authoritatively ordered us to believe it? Not at all! Because experts in scholarship have declared it sufficiently safe to believe some parts of it? Nay, verily! Because it purports to be a revelation from God? By no manner of means! Then, upon what does the Bible rest for its ultimate authority over the hearts of men? Because the fruits of this Word of God have been such as they are—that is, the simple, final test.

Sinful and sorrowing men have come to this Word of God, and have found the way of forgiveness and peace. They have been transformed from an old evil life to a new and beautiful life of righteousness. The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, which stands in the midst of it illuminates it everywhere, and has again and again proved to be the power of God unto the salvation of men. The quality of its perennial fruits commends the Bible to us, and judged by its fruits there is no other such book in the world.

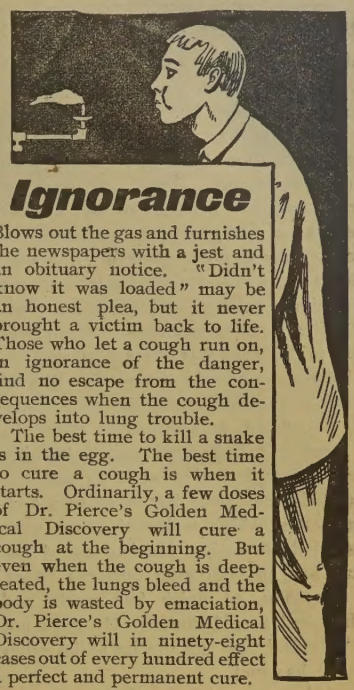
This book we believe because the fruits of it have been dynamic in revolutionizing lives. This book we believe because in it we find the vision of God, and of a redeemed and rejuvenated society. We believe it, not because of its canonicity, not because the ages have accepted it, not because men hold it before us and say, "You must believe it, or perish," but we believe it because in our own hearts and in our own study of human history we have found that its fruits are of God. It is the supreme test which Jesus Christ applied. It is the test to which every society, every church and every school must submit.—N. E. Wood, D.D., in "Pittsburg Christian Advocate."

The Day's Duty.

Happy he who at the day's end can say, "I have done something today." The heathen poet sings: "A master life that man must live, and joyous, who can justly says at fall of each successive eve, 'I have lived today.'" He said it of a life of pleasure, but it is thrice as truly said of a life of duty. And not unworthy of the theme has a Christian man sung in our times:

"Duty done is the soul's fireside,
Blest who keeps that ingle wide."

And such "duty," as another sings, "is a path that all may tread." The ordinary day's work is honored and sanctified by it. * * And surely still more true is it of some piece of work done for Christ's sake and Carist's only. To have seen a fallen brother regain his feet; to have trained a little child; to have watched a sick one through to the end; above all, to have stood by and prayed and spoken while a soul passed out of darkness into light-



Ignorance

Blows out the gas and furnishes the newspapers with a jest and an obituary notice. "Didn't know it was loaded" may be an honest plea, but it never brought a victim back to life. Those who let a cough run on, in ignorance of the danger, find no escape from the consequences when the cough develops into lung trouble.

The best time to kill a snake is in the egg. The best time to cure a cough is when it starts. Ordinarily, a few doses of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure a cough at the beginning. But even when the cough is deep-seated, the lungs bleed and the body is wasted by emaciation, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred effect a perfect and permanent cure.

"My husband had been coughing for years and people frankly told me that he would go into consumption," writes Mrs. John Shireman, of No. 265 25th Place, Chicago, Ill. "He had such terrible coughing spells we not only grew much alarmed but looked for the bursting of a blood-vessel or a hemorrhage at most any time. After three days' coughing he was too weak to cross the room. The doctor did him no good. I stated the case to a druggist, who handed me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My husbands recovery was remarkable. In three days after he began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he was up and around, and in two more days he went to work. Two bottles cured him."

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Cultivate the Art of "Fitting-In."

Take, for example, a girl who has grown up with a family of brothers, whose father has humored her in every possible way, and who has had a fair share of personal attention from the young men of her acquaintance. Death, or financial reverses, make it needful for her to use her education and energy to earn a weekly wage. She is not a coward. She supplements her school training with a course in a business college, and secures a position. She is filled with enthusiasm and honest pride. She has studied in earnest, and knows she can do the work. But, at the end of the first week, she goes home tired, exhausted, and disgusted with life. Her employer had reprimanded her because she was dreaming while he was dictating. He had made her re-write a dozen letters in which technical terms were not spelled correctly. He had asked her to stay half an hour after business hours, one afternoon, to finish her work, and she had had a cold dinner. He does not say, "Please." In fact, he isn't like other men she has met.

She is learning what I call, for lack of a better term, "the art of fitting-in." It is hard for her, because she has been petted at home, because her world has always been kind to her, and because she has never realized what duty really means.

"I simply can't make putty of myself," said a young woman, who needed every dollar she could earn, and who had just resigned a place where she was fairly paid—"I will not be treated as if I were a factory girl. Why, they actually deducted fifty cents from my week's money, because I was half an hour late just one morning. I'll starve rather than go back there." She found, when too late, that positions are not over-plentiful, and, if she didn't starve, charity saved her.

Now, to a business firm, in the heat of competition, the money paid for office-workers is only one item in a number of expenses which, in the aggregate, must be reduced to the lowest possible figure, in order to make competition possible. If gallantry instead of system should prevail, young women would be too expensive to be employed—even at half-wages. It is the failure to grasp this fact that makes girls and women restive under necessary discipline.—Cynthia Westover Alden, in December "Success.'

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

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21 lbs. best Table Rice.
75 lbs. House Candles.
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8 pkgs. Grape Nuts.
4 dozen oval Hotel Castle Soap.
11 large bottles choice Tomato Catsup.
20 bars Frank Siddall's Soap.
1 pail Anchovies in brine.
8 pkgs. Shredded Wheat Biscuit.
8 pkgs. Lion Roast Coffee.
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